643.l.25
12

THE STUARTS:

A Pindarique ODE.

Humbly Dedicated to Her Majesty of *GREAT BRITAIN.*

By Mrs. AUBIN.

LONDON:

Printed for JOHN MORPHEW, near *Stationers-Hall.* 1707. (Price 6*d.*)

THE

TARTS:

A

COMEDY.

THE STUARTS:

A Pindarique ODE.

WHEN Bounteous Heaven with ſuch a lib'ral Hand
Showers Bleſſings down, on this our Native Land;
When th' Almighty with freſh Miracles each Hour
Calls for our Thanks and ſhows his Power;
Shalt thou, my Muſe, ſtupidly Dull,
Not Wake, and in immortal Verſe
His mighty Works reherſe,
And tell the Raptures of thy Soul,
Whilſt Fame through all the Univerſe do's ſound,
Great *BRITAIN's* matchleſs Glory,
And relates the Noble Story,
Of her Succeſs, through all the ſpacious Round;
With Peace at Home, and Vict'ry Abroad ſtill Crown'd?
Shall I ungrateful Silence keep?
Call'd by ſuch Sounds as theſe to riſe,
And pay my Thanks to Heaven, a Sacrifice
The joyful Angels pay, when ſent in our Defence,

Commiſſion'd to deſtroy our Enemies ?
Deaf muſt that Mortal be, and void of Sence,
Who wakes not at the Call, Doom'd to Eternal Sleep,
His Great Creator's Goodneſs viewing with regardleſs Eyes.

II.

No, let my Muſe, tho' feeble rouſe, and try
To Sing his Acts, and tell my Joy.
Th' Harmonious Siſters to my aid I'll call ;
Pindar, and *Homer*, I'll implore,
And all the Godlike Witts, that Grac'd the Ages heretofore ;
And tho' far ſhort in imitating them I fall,
Yet vent'rous I'll purſue the Glorious Theme,
Tell *BRITAIN's* Glorys, Sing the Vertues of her Godlike QUEEN.
Great *ANNA's* Name by every Tuneful Tongue
Let it be in immortal Tunes, and Verſes Sung ;
In every Heart be writ, as legible as our Eſteem,
For She, and That, can never, never live too long.

III.

Aſſiſt me then, Oh ! all y.' immortal Shades Divine,
Inſtruction give, Correct each faulty Line,
And make my Verſe, Bright as Her Vertues ſhine ;
ANNA, thou mighty QUEEN, whoſe famous Anceſtors
Were moſt Illuſtrious Kings, and Conquerors,
Royal Heroick Saints and Confeſſors !
Such, whoſe Immortal Actions well became the Throne,
And merited the Royal Seat, Heaven plac'd them on.
Pardon me, that I dare preſume their mighty Acts to trace,
And tell the Glorys of thy Noble Race ;
This, the moſt Glorious, I will chuſe
To be the Subject of my Raviſh'd Muſe.

Our Grateful Isle by such a Race of Monarchs long possest,
Owns of all Blessings it must be confest,
That they in this alone are most supremely Blest.
The Warlike *Edwards*, with the Glorious *Henry*'s,
The famous Champions of the Noble Families
  Of *York* and *Lancaster*, whose Godlike Fame,
  Thro' all the Universe has spread each Hero's Name;
Eternaliz'd by Actions more than Human, bravely won
Unfading Honour, more than merited the Crown;
These join'd with *Elizabeth* the Vertuous and the Wise,
All Glorious Monarchs, now immortaliz'd;
  Do prove thy Godlike Predecessors evermore *were*
    Worthy the Crowns they wore,
    And well became the Sacred Character;
    Actions Renown'd their Fame set forth,
    Hero's in War, and Demi-Gods by Birth.
      But should I now attempt to tell
Each mighty Act, and Grace in which they did Excell;
My Dazled Sence, confounded with their Glory
Would be struck Dumb, unable to relate the wond'rous Story;
Besides with eager hast my now ambitious Muse,
To later Ages flies, a Theme exceeding these pursues.

IV.

  First, Mighty *JAMES*, *England*'s and *Scotland*'s happy King;
    Who didst from the immortal Race
  Of *Scotland*'s Warlike Princes spring,
    Whose Noble Acts no time shall 'ere efface;
In Sacred Records writ their Glorious Deeds to thee,
Eternal Honour gave, the wonder of Posterity;
Worthy Supporter of our Church, so Beauteous grown,
  What Great *ELIZABETH* had left undone,
    Our Grateful Isle must ever own,
    The Noble Work her Piety began;
  Was finish'd by thy Wisdom, and thy Hand alone;
Establish'd our most Glorious Church from Superstition free,
With which thy Name shall live to all Eternity.

Nay more, thy Learning juſtly has intitled thee to endleſs Fame,
To laſting Honours, and Embalms thy ſacred Name.
Learned and Pious *JAMES* by us and all Mankind,
Shall ever with a tender Value and Reſpect be call'd to Mind;
Thy Name ſhall ever flouriſh by wiſe Heaven deſign'd.
GREAT BRITAIN to Unite, by Glorious *ANNA* join'd.
ANNA, thy Noble Off-ſpring, beſt of Human kind,
Whoſe Prudence only could that Work perform,
By Heaven to Empire, and to Honour born;
But ſtay, my raviſh'd Muſe no more,
Let not the mighty *Charle's* Reign in Silence be paſt o're,
Nor ſlight the Glorious Martyr, and neglect
To pay the Tribute of your Tears and due Reſpect,
Whilſt you the happier QUEEN adore.

V.

Immortal *CHARLES*, Great *BRITAIN's* Hopeful Heir,
Who merits ſuch a matchleſs Character,
That I Expreſſions want, and ſcarce to ſpeak Him dare.
Never in Man did greater Virtues ſhine,
He was all perfect Goodneſs, all Divine.
The Saint, the King, Humility ſo perfect and ſo vaſt,
As ev'n confounded Majeſty, and all Mankind ſurpaſt;
So truly imitating Heavens King he was whilſt here,
That he ſeem'd fit that Happy Place to ſhare;
He now with Him in Heaven does poſſeſs,
Crowns were too little; nothing, nothing leſs,
Than an immortal Empire could ſuffice;
Honours that never fade, Seraphick Dignities,
Bleſt were the Noble Heroes doubly fortunate;
Who in thy Glorious Cauſe did fall;
In Honours Bed they Sleep, a Noble Fate,
Whilſt Loyalty bled at their Funeral,
Rejoyce my Muſe; altho' their Fortune's loſt,
That thou art happily deſcended,
From ſuch as ſerv'd him, and can boaſt
They with their Blood his Cauſe defended!

True Majesty of Soul he did not want to fill a Throne,
Nor Magnanimity unmov'd to lay the Trifle down.
His Sufferings were sent by Providence to show,
What Heaven has Power on Earth to do,
Which even makes us perfect whilst below.
Worthy he was, the Epithet that Crown'd his Sacred Dust,
Here sleeps *Charles* the Great, the Good, the Merciful, and Just;
Worthy to be the Father of a Progeny,
Whose Names will Celebrated be,
Till Time shall cease, and all Things bury'd lye, in vast Eternity.

VI.

Father of Kings renown'd, our second *CHARLES*, Darling of Heaven;
In pity to our Miseries restor'd,
CHARLES our Beloved, and our Gracious Lord,
By Heaven favour'd and by Men ador'd,
T' undone, and sinking Nations, for a Saviour given,
The gentlest Monarch, and the most Majestick Prince
Nature e're form'd, by Heaven for Government design'd;
The Joy, and the Delight of all Mankind;
So merciful, his generous Soul, could pardon Crimes
His Justice would have punished and to after Times.
His Acts of Mercy shall, as Monuments,
His Noble Vertues Evidence.
Long did he Reign, wise Heavens care so blest,
That we thro' his Auspicious Government possest;
Peace, Plenty, and of every Joy they bring, did freely tast;
Our Neighbours Envie, Terror of our Enemies,
Till Heaven call'd our Darling Monarch to the Skies,
And left us all with breaking Hearts, and weeping Eyes,
Till *JAMES* the Just, did like a *Phenix* from his Ashes rise.

VII.

Oh mighty Saint! Oh Noble Prince! How shall I Sing,
Thy numerous Vertues, who didst from the Noble Martyr spring?
Thou tender Father, truest Friend, and pious King!
Thy Glorious Life, long Scenes of Sorrow did o'ercast,
Thou much of Lifes Misfortunes, little of its Joys didst tast.

Pardon my Grief, if Tears I now let fall,
When I to Mind thy cruel Sufferings call!
By thee not vallued, thou hadſt Heaven in view,
And ſlighting Crowns, and Pageant-Honours, didſt aſpire,
To a more Glorious Empire, that could Anſwer thy deſire;
'Twas that alone, thy elevated Soul did here purſue;
Zeal bright as Veſtal Fires, and Ardent as thy Faith,
Shone in thy Life and Actions, but thy Magnanimous Death
Exceeded all, 'twas there a Glorious Scene was acted, there
Thou didſt like Heaven's Great King himſelf appear,
And ſeem'd before thy Death of Heaven's Joys to ſhare.
Angels ſurpriſed ſtood, liſtening round thy Bed,
And marvell'd at ſuch charming Words thy Patience dictated,
Then catch'd thy fleeting Soul; who now enlarg'd embrac'd
Heavens joyful Miniſters, with them thou up to Heaven didſt haſt,
Who with Triumphant Songs of Joy,
Didſt Scale Heaven's Glorious Walls the Starry Sky,
And thro' whole Legions of Celeſtial Spirits paſt;
There cou'd my Dazled Sight but follow,
I might hope for to conceive ſome faint Idea of thy Joy:
But oh! my Soul, and dull Imagination can no more,
But Bleſs, and Praiſe, and Heavens Great King adore!
Down to the lower World my Muſe return,
And ſee the lovely *ANNA* Weep and Mourn,
Thy Beauteous *MARY* of moſt Glorious Memory,
Having attain'd immortal Reſt;
Gone to augment the Number of the Bleſt,
Whoſe Name and Virtues will for ever Honour'd be;
The Glory of her Sex, a QUEEN Divine,
Whoſe Vertues ev'n outſhone,
The Glory of Her Royal Birth,
And merited both Heaven and a Throne,
A Princeſs of ſtupendous Worth,
Whoſe Virtues even equall'd thine:

A Daughter worthy thee, and thy moſt lovely Partner,
In whom ſo many Noble Graces center'd were,
That nothing but Her Royal Siſter e're could equal Her.
See then the Pious *ANNA*, Darling of thy Love,
Whoſe Noble Soul, no common Grief could move,
Sigh, and Lament, for who? For *JAMES* the Pious and the Juſt;
Who has for Heaven, Crowns and an Empire loſt.
Sleep then, Great Prince, and lovely Princeſs, we
Admiring thy filial Piety,
And Honouring his ſacred Memory,
Will place our Love, and pay the Honours due to Him, to Thee.

VIII.

But now Heroick *WILLIAM*, who our Church didſt ſave,
Deſcended from the ſame moſt Glorious Race,
Something is due to Thee I cannot leave
The Subject, and thy Reign in Silence paſs;
The braveſt General of matchleſs Worth,
The boldeſt Prince, by all muſt be confeſt,
That ever led an Army forth;
Who even *Alexander* had ſurpaſt
Hadſt Thou like him been Fortunate:
The Wonder of the Age, yet Sport of Fate,
Thy Soul for Empire made
Was Vaſt, and Noble, not to be confin'd;
By HEAVEN for mighty Undertakings ſure deſign'd;
No Danger could ſurprize, at no Misfortune e're diſmay'd,
Thy Breaſt was ever Arm'd, exempt from Fear;
And tho' in Battel foil'd, Thou ſtill ſeem'd Conqueror;
A Glorious Reign thou hadſt in a tumultuous Age;
And Nobly like thy ſelf didſt bravely quit the Stage,
To matchleſs *ANNA* didſt thy pond'rous Crown reſign,
More able to ſuſtain the Weight,
The only Princeſs form'd by Fate,
That could retrieve the Glory of our Ancient State,
And perfect the Great Work, thy Wiſdom only could deſign.

IX.

Great *ANNA*, born to Empire and a Throne,
Who from the Martyr and the Saint derives Her Birth;
Whoſe Vertues Center'd are in Her alone,
The moſt accompliſh'd QUEEN on Earth;
ANNA the Great, the Merciful,
The Darling of each Loyal Soul,
Tranſcendent Virtues in Her ſhine,
Such as our imitation far exceed;
Such as do Speak Her ſprung from the Great *STUARTS* Line,
Such as in every Breaſt muſt Admiration breed:
She's all our Wonder, all Divine,
By bounteous Heaven given to ſhow,
What the Almighty's Goodneſs can beſtow;
'Tis She, and only She that could redreſs our Miſeries,
'Tis She, whom Heaven will ne're refuſe, obtains our Victories.
Long had we labour'd with vaſt Armies, and with Sums immenſe,
For to revenge our Wrongs, and with ſtrong Fleets to fence
Our Happy Iſle from *France*'s growing Power,
And too, too proſperous Arms,
Who in Ambitious Hopes all *EUROPE* would devour;
And fill the World with Trouble and Alarms:
But all alas in vain,
We Fought and Fought, but ne're could gain;
Still Loſers, yielded to inglorious Peace, and then
Gave Time to *FRANCE* to breath, and break't again.
But She in a few Years, Auſpicious Reign,
Has taught our Enemies to know,
What brave United *BRITONS* able are to do.
Hochſtet and bluſhing *Ramellies*,
Dy'd in their Blood, has taught our Enemies
Another Leſſon, and our Honour quite regain'd.
Our Proſperous Generals Fame now flies before,
And makes the Enemies to tremble e're our Cannons roar;
His Noble Acts by every Tuneful Bard is Sung,
Our vaſt Succeſs, the Subject ſtill of every Tongue.

To them I leave the Noble Task, whilſt I,
In ſofter Terms, than ſuit a Warlike Theme, expreſs my Joy.

X.

Thus are the *BRITONS*, as in Ages paſt,
Become the Terror of all *EUROPE* once again,
In matchleſs *ANNA's* moſt Succeſsful Reign,
Whoſe Fame to all Eternity ſhall laſt;
Abroad a Conqueror, She Rules at Home
With no leſs Prudence and Succeſs;
She heals our Diſcords, and we Friends become,
Tho' different Principles profeſs;
Diſſenting from the Church; yet we agree
To joyn in our Reſpect to Her and Loyalty.
But ſtay! What, ſhall the grateful Church not pay
To Bounteous *ANNA* Thanks, whoſe Liberality,
Unparallel'd, the Subject of our Praiſe muſt ever be?
What muſt th' aſtoniſh'd Clergy ſay,
To ſee their laviſh Monarch give away,
Even the Price of Empires? To Heaven an Offering
So vaſt She makes, Angels ſtand wondering;
Such Bounty, ſuch ſtupendous Goodneſs muſt ſurpriſe,
When up to Heaven the joyful News was brought,
All the Celeſtial Spirits doubtleſs fell in Extaſies,
Crowding to hear the Glorious Tydings, joyful Hymns did Sing,
And with repeated Hallelujahs made the Heavens Ring.
——At the tranſporting Thought,——
My raviſh'd Muſe does into Raptures fly,
With nimble Wings ſhe Scales the Sky,
With Angels mixes, reads the Book of Fate,
And Learns the Glories of thy future State.
The Church Triumphant, muſt with the Angelick Choir
Joyn, and Heavens Work and thine admire!
Seraphick QUEEN, *Firſt-Fruits* thou giv'ſt away,
And Heaven will with immortal Crowns thy Zeal repay;
Thy Glory's now compleat, and ſure will be,
Not only Wonder of this Age alone, but all Poſterity.

XI.

But now my Dazled Muſe, again ſurpris'd,
Is ſilent ſtruck, ſuch wondrous Things ſhe hears,
The ſound of *BRITAIN's* UNION having reach'd her Ears,
A Work our utmoſt Admiration does require!
Which only Thou coud'ſt do, and Heaven inſpire;
A Bleſſing 'bove all others Merits to be priz'd.
Immortal *ANNA*, Ages to come thy ~~loved~~ *Sacred* Name ſhall Bleſs,
And juſtly Stile Thee Author of *GREAT BRITAIN's* Happineſs.
Long may'ſt Thou o're the Nations which thy Hand has joyn'd,
Reign Proſperous, and thy Glory no Abatement find;
Whilſt we to Heaven, who our UNION did decree,
Firſt render Thanks, and next to Thee;
And baffled *France*, and all our Enemies,
Look Envious on, and view our Glories with Revengeful Eyes;
Unable to invade, may they our Iſle with Wonder ſee
For ever Heavens Care, and ever Rul'd by ſuch as Thee.

FINIS.